

A
TREATISE
OF THE
SPORTS
OF
W I T.

Omne tulit punctam quæ miscuit utile dulci.
Hor.

Printed for the Author, 1675.

Inquire for them at *Simon Neals*, at the Three
Pidgeons in *Bedfordstreet* in *Covent-*
Garden.

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The Epistle Dedicatory.

To all our Fair and Vertuous Ladies.

Ladies,

I Present you here (as most resembling them) the *Sports* and *Recreations* of these great *Ladies*, who have so sublimed them by a *Divine quality* they have to convert all into *Vertue*, as *Midas* did all he touched to *Gold*; whence their very *Sports* are as *vertuous* as others *devotions*: Those *melancholly Spirits* then enemies of all *cheerfulness*, who call such *Sports* as these, but *idle things*, seem wholly ignorant of their first *institution*, and very *signification* of their names. For wherefore were they called *Relaxations*, *Divertisements*, and *Recreations*, but for relaxing our overbended *thoughts*, diverting our *minds* from *cares* and *troubles* of this life, and recreating our *Spirits* when tired and spent with *Worldly* businesses. | Whence to conclude, whoever in this *mortal life* can live without

A 2

them,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

them, must either be a *God*, or else a *Beast*,
above, or else below *Humanity*.

And so much for their *Sports*; as for the
Ladies themselves, I suppose they are so
well known to all, as I need, in this *Epistle*,
to say no more of them; but that they had
always a high esteem for our *English Ladies*;
and therefore, I doubt not, but you will
have the like of them. Be pleased then
Ladies, for their sakes, to accept a *Dedi-*
cation of this short *Treatise*, from him who
is naturally an enemy of all that is long
and tedious, a friend to these *Sports* and
Recreations, an honorer and admirer of
all your *Nobler Sex*, especially of all *Fair*
and *Vertuous Ladies* like yourselves.

R. Flecknoe.

The

The Preface to the Reader :

Of *Wit*, in order to these Sports.

IT is as hard to describe *Wit* in particular, as it is our Taste, they so vary with Time and Custom; the wit of our Ancestors being grosser then that we have now : And as the Age refines, so do the Wits of Men. However, this we will say of it in general, *Wit* to the subject it treats of, is, as the Soul to the Body, animating it with Life and Spirit, which else were but dead and dull; it is the quintessence of Conceit, extracted out of Words and Matter, as the Bee extracts Honey out of Flowers; and as out of dull Flint we strike sparks of Fire, so out of dull Matter we strike sparks of *Wit*. It is not so solid as Wisdom, but the less solid, the more Spiritual; and is so volatile, as it easily evaporates; but fixed by Judgment, and with a lay of Discretion, it surpasses bare Wisdom, as far as that doth Folly; and is in the Brain as Nobility is in the Blood; only one fault it hath, it is more pleasant to others, then profitable

To the Reader.

*profitable to its self ; wherein it differs from
Worldly Wisdom ; but that wherein it
differs from Divine, is its greatest Fault ;
Wit now being but a new name for an Atheist
and Debauchée ; but that is the fault of the
Persons not of Wit ; for Wit is no ways scur-
rilous and profane. But finally, we may say
of it, as the corruption of the best is the worst ;
so when good, nothing better ; when bad,
nothing worse. And so much for Wit, as it
differs these Sports, from the old homely
ones of Substantives and Adjectives, Que-
stions and Commands, Cross Purposes, and
the like ; as much out of date, as the last years
Almanacks, and scarcely deserving so much as
the name of Wit.*

The

The Occasion of Writing this TREATISE.

THe Dutcheſs of *Lorrain*, with the Princeſs and Madamoſeille *De Beauvois*, her Highneſs Siſter (now Princeſs of *Aramberg*) retiring themſelves to *Srſu*, near *Bruffels*, in the Spring time of the year fifty; where they paſſed their time in all ſorts of *innocent* and *delightful Divertiſements*, and amongſt the reſt, that of the *Sports of Wit*, being after *Supper* their ordinary entertainment: At which, both they and the *Ladies* of her Highneſs Court, were ſo excellent, as it was impoſſible to imagine a more *Spiritual Aſſembly*, I having the honor to be there amongſt the reſt (which I ſhall always account, not only the moſt honorable, but the moſt delightful moment of my life;) it pleaſed her Highneſs to command me to write this *Trea-tiſe of the Sports of Wit*, which now I publiſh at the deſire of ſome *Ladies*, whoſe leaſt deſire has the force of a command.

Of the Original
Of these Sports of Wit.

WE read in Boccas, and other Italian Authors (to say nothing of the more Antient) that these Sports began in Italy about the beginning of the Last Century, both at Florence, Sienna, and other places, especially at Ferrara, when those of the most Illustrious Family of d'Este, were Dukes thereof. From Italy Queen Catherine de Medicis carried them along with her into France, a Fertile Countrey; where all that is rare in Italy, transplanted, grows better and more flourishing then in its Native Soyl. From thence about the beginning of their Civil Wars, they were transplanted into England, where, by the culture of Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Foulk Grevill, and other the prime Wits and Gallants of the times, and Ladies no less inclined to Gallantry, they flourished as much as in Italy and France, not only all the time of Queen Elizabeths Reign, but that of following Kings, till our Civil Wars likewise beginning here, they were not only neglected, but wholly irradiated by the Fanatick Rebels, Enemies of all Mirth and Recreation; till they begin to be Replanted, and take Root again under the happy Reign of His present Majesty.

To

Of their ordering their Sports, and how they past their time.

FOr preparation to them some one, by lot, or otherwise, was chosen, for president, whose Office was to give out the *Subject* or *Argument* of the following *Sport*, and to distribute the parts for the next *Assembly*; that so betwixt *premeditated* and *ex tempore*, they might not come unto them wholly unprepared, but have the following night, and part of the following day, for their preparation. For the rest of the day, the time was thus distributed.

Having finished their *Morning Devotions*, they went to dinner, and, having dined, each one retired to their several *Cabinets*, till towards *Evening*, when either they rode abroad in their *Coaches*, to take the Air (which *Promenade* never ended without some *Banquet* or *Collation*) or walked out into the *Garden*, or adjoyning *Wood*, which seemed an *Academy of Nightingales*, as the *Garden* a *Treasury* of all *Flora's* choicest and rarest *Flowers*; when gather but one, and several more sprang up in its place; whether it were the *Nature* of the *Soil*, or *Vertue* of the *Hand* who gathered it, *Heaven* having so disposed this

fant and delightful place , should never fall but into the fairest and vertuousest bands of the Universe, (it being a part of the *Apinagè* or Inheritance of Madamoiselle de Beauvais.) From thence they went to Supper, and having supp'd, retired into a large *Appartement*, illuminated by six fair *Christal Branches*, and bordered about with *Sil-zer Sconzaes*, in which were inchac'd *Concave Mirrors* of Oval Form for better reflection of the Light. When the Dutchess, seated in her *Fautril*, under a *Canopy*, upon an half pace higher than the rest, with the Princesses, Her Daughter and Sister, under *Taborets*, on either side of Her ; the sports began as followeth :

The

The First Nights Sport

Of O R A C L E S.

THis sport is, when one amongst the rest stands for Oracle, and others in order ask Questions of it (the Dutchess first, and the rest following) which the Oracle answers briefly in the Laconick stile : As for example.

Quest. How should one do to be beloved ?

Answ. Love.

Quest. Who is the fairest Lady ?

Answ. Every one's Mistress.

And these Questions are easily answered, but the Oracle sometimes is hard put to't, when they ask it any captious & insidious ones, as was his, who asked the Oracle, whither what he had in his hand were alive, or no ; to which it answered, As you please, he grasping a little Sparrow in his hand, meaning if the Oracle said it was dead, to produce it alive, if alive, to crush it, and produce it dead : Which ambiguous answers and words of double sence, in such expedience, required great wit and dexterity in the Oracle ; and at this our Oracle (Madamoiseille de Beauvais) was excellent.

The Second Nights Sport

Of D R E A M S.

THe sport of this is, when every one tells their Dreams, and some one Interprets them, who is not only to know the General Notions, (as how to dream of Pearl, signifies Tears, and Gold, Ill luck, &c.) But perfectly to understand the Art of Divination, and to have well read Artemedorus and Apamafar. Such as he, to whom a Lady coming once in great anxiety for her Lord, who was then actually in the Wars, saying, She dreamed the General was wounded in his right hand; he answered, The ill presage of that dream nothing concerned her Lord, who had a command of Horse; for the right hand of a General was his Foot, and the left his Horse, and the event proved this prediction true; for shortly after the news was brought (against the expectation of all) that Don Francisco de Melo had lost the Battle of Rocroy, most of his Infantry remaining, either slain or taken prisoners, whilst all the Cavalry escaped by flight. This made the Dutchess think him fittest to be president of that nights sport, which (though far more difficult then that of the Oracle) he performed to the general satisfaction of all; where note, they may shew as much wit, who ingenuously feign a Dream, as he who interprets it.

The

The third Nights Sport Of L O T T E R I E S.

ALL the Wit and Art of this Sport, is so to contrive the Lots in the Urn, as best may fit the qualities of every one. As to the Dutcheß all Happiness and Felicity ; to the Princess, nothing but Crowns and Scepters (then proposed as a match for Crowned-heads) and to Madamoseille De Beauvais, her choice of Princely-Husbands, married not long after to the Marquess of Varanbon ; who dying without Heirs, left Her Inheritrix of his Marquisate, and since married to the Noble Prince of Aremberge : Nor were the rest of the Ladies less fitted with their Lots, the Contriver of the Lottery to please them, hazarding the reputation of a Lyer twenty times, for that of a Prophet once : But all the Sport was to hear the inferior servants handsomely rallied for pastime of the Ladies. For example, Two waiting Women. (amongst the rest one who would needs lead Apes to Hell, and another, who would not go to Heaven without a Husband.) The Dutcheß prohibiting all picquant Rallery, which, if any offered, she declared a dislike of it in a blush, a greater reprehension, then could be expressed by words, to those who understand the Language of the Face.

The

The Fourth Nights Sport

Of W O N D E R S.

THe Sport of this is, when every one tells what they most wonder at, or the greatest wonder they have seen; not such as Lying Travellers report, or such as they father upon our Countrey-Man Sir John Mandevile; muchless such foul-mouthed, slanderous ones, as his, who said, The greatest wonder he had seen, was, a Woman honest when she was young, and handsome when she was old; but such witty-ingenious ones, as that Ladies and Cavaliers, who saying, The greatest wonder he had seen, was a constant Lady; she answered again, That the greatest she had seen was a discreet Cavalier. All in the way of Gentile Rallery without stumbling or falling foul on the Picquant, and at that Gentile Rallery these Ladies were excellent, who went on inoffensively, without ever making a false pace on their way; nay, they went farther yet, and converting their Sports and Pastimes into Devotion, one said what she most wondered at, was, That any Noble Woman could be otherways then vertuous, when Vertue was only true Nobility; another, That she wondered their could be any Atheists in the World, when every thing put them in mind of a Divinity; and a third more divinely yet, That she wondered how any one could breathe or stir a foot, without thinking on him, in whom we live, move, and have our being,

The

The Fifth Nights Sport of WISHES.

THis amongst Gallants is one of their cheifest Sports ; when striving who should wish somewhat most pleasing to their Mistresses. One wishes himself Somnus, or the God of Sleep, to charm her senses into a sweet repose ; another Morpheus, or the God of Dreams, to enter into her mind ; and with some delightful dream insinuate the thought of himself amongst the rest : And a third wishing his Brest wholly transparent, that she might see through it, the pureness of his affection ; with many such like Gallantries, but all in vain : For just as Water can be derived no higher then its Fountain head, so Earthly minds can think of nothing, but Earthly things, whilst these Ladies were so heavenly minded, as one wished her self a Bird of Paradise, to have no more communication with Earth ; another soared higher yet, Wishing her self in Heaven ; and the third, Wished her self an Angel there ; and she only wanted Wings, having in an Angelical Body an Angelical Spirit too. And this, with more delight and chearfulness then others wished for all the Treasures in the World, well knowing this World, in comparison with the other, was less then a drop of Water compared to the Ocean, or Grain of Dust, to the whole Globe of the Earth ; but not to be thought to undervalue this World too much, by those who have but too magnificent a conceit of it. We will say no more, but pass to the next Nights Sport.

The

The Sixth Nights Sport Of G I P S I E S.

THe Sport of Gipsies was excellent well represented by Her Highness's servants, all properly habited with their Faces umbered over, supposed so many Doxies with their Solyman, who making their Entry in a Dance, fell to telling Fortunes, by Inspection of the Hand or Art of Chyromancy, as they pretended, though all their Art was to give such Fortunes as they imagined best pleasing to every one (like that Painter, when he could not make his Pictures like, made them Fair at least.) Giving young Maids good Husbands, Batchellors, rich Wives; and to every one long lives, and all prosperity; which the simple believed as Gospel, although as false as the Talmud or Alchoran. But this Sport differing only from that of Lotteries, in that, one is a dumb Fortune-Teller, and the other speaking ones; we will say no more of it, but only as they made their Entry, so they made their Exit in a Dance; after which, the rest made theirs too, and every one retired to their repose; and so they concluded the sixth Nights Sport, reserving the seventh day for their Devotions, if any thing could be added to the Devotions of the other days.

The end of this Weeks Sports and
Divertisements.

Of the Mountebank and his Farce.

WHilst they prepared for other Divertisements, that of the Mountebank and his Farce, was this Nights sport, performed by Her Highness's servants, as followeth.

The Mountebank, with all formal gravity, mounting the Scaffold, made a long Oration of the marvellous Cures he had done, and of the rare and admirable Receipts he had; as if Æsculapius were but a Zany to him, whilst his Zany indeed, for greater sport, turned all to ridiculous that he said: As when he said, He had a Receipt to make them see as well by night as by day; the Zany answered, It was but putting out their eyes. And when he said he had another, That they should never die of old age; he answered again, It was but hanging them while they were young; with such like vulgar Buffoonry to make the Audience laugh. All which ended in one of the best of Scarramuchio's, and Harlequin's acted by the Doctor and his Wife, the Zany with all his antick tricks, and others of his followers who truckled under them.

The

The Eclogue or Acting of Questions.

Nothing more declares a penetrating wit, which the French call *Le point de Pesprit*, then to enter into the depth of these Questions, nor a more perspicuous Judgment, then to discern the nice and subtil Weights and Scales, required for determinating and deciding them; of which, I will only give you an example or two, and leave to others to furnish you with more.

Q. 1. Which of these two Lovers best deserve the Nymph, he who often obliged her, and disobliged her as oft; or, he who had done neither, but only loved her? When after many Arguments on either side, it was finally concluded for the first against the second, because he had done somewhat, at least, to declare his love, but the other nothing; and love is best declared by Deeds they say, for *Probatio amoris exhibitio est operis*.

Q. 2. Which of those two Damfels lives the Knight should soonest save, (in eminent danger of death) hers whom he loved, and she not him; or hers who loved him, and he not her? And it was determined for the second against the first; for she loved him, at least, but the other not: And for his love to the other, that no ways went on the account of of her desert.

And now the Actors growing more numerous, a more particular Stage was requisite, which by the Painters and Carpenters skill was easily made

The

The Pastoral of Love in his Infancy.

THe Birth-day of the Prince of Vaudemont, celebrated at Berseel, where he was born the year before, gave overture to the Theater, and subject to this Pastoral, where he was introduced in his Cradle like a young Cupid, the Graces nursing him; the Sports playing about him, and Nymphs rejoicing to have a Cupid now, as well as Venus Urania, promising to themselves all pleasure in a love so harmless and innocent, never imagining what pain he would cost them, when he came to riper years: But that which most added to the solemnity of the day, was our triumvirate of Ladies personating the three Goddesses, Venus, Juno, and Pallas, in a solemn entry of Ballet, Dancing, and Singing about the Cradle: In which qualities they were all so excellent, as for Dancing, the Musick of the Feet, and Singing, the Dancing of the Voice, they had few who equalled them, none who exceeded them. And for conclusion, by bearing the Cradle in triumph away, they gave end to the Nights Revels, and Days Solemnity.

The Play of Loves Kingdom.

IN imitation of this Pastoral, made after the same Model, and cast in the same Mold, the Play of Loves Kingdom was made, with design to render Love so vertuous, and Vertue so lovely, as all should be enamored of it ; which with much alteration, was after acted on the English Stage : But soon they found they took their measures wrong , for the Times were too vicious, and it too vertuous for them who looked on Vertue as a Reprehension, and not a Divertisement ; and Love without Lust, was like Meat without Sawce to them whose Appetites were depraved with more vicious Food. So leaving the English Stage, it returned to Berseel again, where Vertue was always welcome ; but for love one should as soon be drunk in a Chrystal Fountain, as have the least vicious thought in so vertuous company.

The Mask, or Opera in Musick.

THis Mask or Opera in Musick, represented Latona with her two Children, Apollo and Diana, in the Floating Isle of Delos, incessantly tossed up and down, and exposed to all the storms of Fortune, with this Motto,

Diu fluctibus agitata.

The Hyades or Sea-Nymphs bewailing her sad condition ; till the Scene changing, represented the Island fixed, and her with her Children in all tranquillity, the Word or Motto,

Tandem Requiescit.

The Dryades or Land-Nymphs rejoicing at her happy condition : The first alluding to her former state, without any certain habitation ; the second by way of Prophecie, promising their restauration to their Countrey again ; which, though Poets are said to be Poets and Prophets too, wants yet its wished success, Fortune still continuing to persecute her, and the Dukes unfortunate genius predominant still over her more fortunate one.

The

The Play of Laura Persecutée.

IN regard of which , Her Highness chose to act that excellent Tragy-Comedy of Laura Persecutée which She did so naturally, and to the life, as you might well perceive She acted Her own fortune under anothers name ; like that excellent Actor, who being to weep over the Urn of I know not whom, to do it the better, brought forth with him on the Stage, the Urn of his own dearly beloved Child, celebrating a feigned Funeral with Real Tears.

Mean time, as nothing was wanting to the excellency of the Acting, so nothing was wanting to the compleating the Theater, but only a greater Audience, for a nobler it could not have ; the Actors for the most part being Auditors and Spectators too ; though sometimes the great Ladies, and cheif Nobility, would come over from Brussels, to behold their sports, and went away unwillingly again, envying their happiness who still remained there.

And now having mentioned the Dutchess misfortune and persecution , I shall briefly declare the beginning , progress, and would I could, the end of them,

The

Of the Dutcheſſes Marriage with the Duke of Lorrain.

HENRY, Duke of Lorrain, dying without Issue-
male, leaving only two Daughters, the Princeſſ
Nichole, and Princeſſ Claude; the Father of Charles,
now Duke, cheif of the Houſe of Vaudemont, by
vertue of the Salick Law, ſucceeded him; who, bet-
ter to confirm his Title, forced his Son, on pain of diſ-
inheriting, to marry the Princeſſ Nichole (as his
Brother had the Princeſſ Claude) which he did at laſt
with proteſtation of the force, and with all ſigns of
aversion lived with her till his Fathers death, when
by mutual conſent they parted; and not long after,
he publickly married Beatrix de Cuſance, the young
Widow of the Prince of Cantecroix, a Lady of in-
comparable Beauty, and Birth, and Fortune, anſwer-
able every way, by whom he had iſſue Anne, now
Princeſſ of Lorrain, whoſe Legitimation none ever
doubted of. In this Marriage they lived many years
with great tranquillity, till a Storm was raiſed
againſt them by the See of Rome, for Marrying with-
out Diſpenſation, &c. by the ſuſcitation of the
Crown of France, who had eſpouſed the Interſt of
Princeſſ Nichole, as the Emperor had that of the
Princeſſ Claude. Which proceeded ſo far, as they
were forced to ſeparate on pain of Excommunication,
till the cauſe might be decided by the Court of
Rome, which the Nuntio, promiſed ſhould be in a
year,

year, at least. This time expired and nothing done, the Duke following Plinies Rule, Never in what you resolve to do, to ask Counsel of those who may hinder the doing it, went privately to the Dutcheß again, and begat the now Prince of Vaudemont; for which (when known) he was easily absolved, and so had been of all the rest, had he not neglected, for some Reasons of State, to sue out a Divorce from the Princess Nichole, so long as she was in state of bearing Children, not to set her at liberty to marry some Foreign Prince, whose Issue might dispute the Dukedom with the House of Vaudemont (the Law Salick not being so clearly received in Lorrain, as it was in France.) This then was our Dutcheßs misfortune, this her persecution, and this finally that Marriage which has caused so great rumor in the World, by those who know not how Marriages made by force, bind no longer then the force continues; whilst those made voluntarily, bind till death, nor by any humane force can ever be dissolved again.

And now after this serious Digression, let us return to our Sports again.

Of the Acting of Proverbs.

THe next Nights sport, and that of many Nights after, was the Acting of Proverbs, a sport of so great variety, as you might often repeat it, and never twice the same again; where note, That as there are divers sorts of other sports, some which cause laughter without any Wit, others more studious then delightful as Riddles, Rebus's, and Anagrams; or half witted Paradoxes, as, A Chandler can least hide his own knavery, for all his works must come to light. And, a Shoemaker would make the best Constable, for he can put any Man in the Stocks, and take him out at last. So there are divers sorts of this, some acting Proverbs in Dancing; others in dumb shew and mimick gesture, and the like; which may be sports, but not sports of Wit, or but dumb wit at most; whereas, that of these Ladies, added words unto action: Of which, we shall give you an example or two, not doubting, but if the Ladies be delighted with it, there are wits enough to furnish them with more.

P R O V.

It is merry when Friends meet.

THe Scene was supposed an Inn where divers Friends met, as by chance, and recounted their several adventures on the way; some more dangerous, others more pleasant; every one making a several Novella, and all together a delightful Variety. Amongst the rest two persons arrived so disguised, that they seemed strangers both to themselves and all the rest, who recounting their adventures, were soon known to be a pair of Noble Lovers, who on the eve of their Nuptials, were severally made Captives by strange adventures; and by as strange, delivered from Captivity again, to their incredible joy, and little less of all the Company, as they declared by their Congratulations, Embracements; and all the signs of joy and gladness, which are usually shewn on such occasions.

Another, but in a more Spiritual kind, is that which followeth,

* * *

No

P R O V.

No true Pleasure in this World.

TO confirm this, they took for Argument that Moral Fable, how Jupiter, in the first Creation, sent Pleasure down from Heaven, for the consolation of poor Mortals here on Earth; of whom, they soon became so great Idolaters, that they offered more Sacrifice to it, then to all the Gods besides. At which, the Gods offended, recalled Pleasure back to Heaven again, who ascending, threw off its Earthly Garment; which Dolon on Deceit finding, put on, and ever since hath passed for it; Men foolishly adoring as much the shadow of Pleasure now, as they did the substance of it before. When Jove, pitying they should be so deceived, sent Mercury down to undeceive them, and discover the Imposture and Deceit. But soon he found his Embassie was in vain, and that all his eloquence was lost upon them, who would not believe, though a God did tell them so, That there was any other Pleasure, but what they had. When Jove seeing he must create the World and Men anew, to make them better and wiser, resolved for their punishment, to leave them to the pleasure of Beasts, who would not have that of Angels, though they might.

The Conclusion.

ANd now I cannot better conclude this Treatise, then by giving you a short Character of the Ladies, chiefly mentioned in it ; (and to say nothing of the Princess, who was yet so young, as she only promised to be what her Mother was, and no doubt, but in time, she will make good her promises.) The Dutchess was one of the greatest Beauties of the times, and her Sister no less ; but in a different kind, the one Fair, the other Brown ; the one clear Sun-shine, the other a Delightful-shade ; and as their Beauties, so their dispositions were alike ; the Dutchess with all becoming freedom of one that was married, her Sister not so free, as one not married yet. The first all gay and chearful, the second not so gay, but with a chearfulness as far above light Mirth and Laughter, as Elemental Fire above Squibs and Crackers : For the rest, they were both so far from Pride, as nothing could be more humble, yet so majestic, as they appeared the higher by their Humility ; and were in all so equal, as together, you knew not which to prefer ; asunder, you always preferred the present to the absent, till she returning, set the ballance even again. In fine, not to enter so far into their praises, as never to get out again ; in their presence, you were so ravished and transported, as you would as soon be weary of Heaven, as of their Company ; and it was a species of the Beatitude, of the other Life, only to enjoy their conversation in this.

A List of some of their Proverbs.

Proverbs must have the stamp of *Custom*, to make them currant with the World ; but every one for their private use may coyn what ones they please, as are these following.

Who spends all his life in getting maintenance for it, is like him who sold his horse to get him Provender.

Death and Absence differ only in this, That Absence is but a short Death ; and Death a long Absence.

Who gives soon, redoubles the benefit ; and he that is long a giving, diminishes it as much.

Vice and Vanity differ only in this, that Vice lays the Egg, and Vanity hatches the Chicken.

An uncertain Nature, is like a Sea with shifting Sands, where there is no Sailing without a Plummet in hand ; or like a Weapon loose in the Hilt, there is no using of it with any confidence.

Distracted Prayers are like Penelopes Web, always to begin anew, and never ended.

Without a little dispute, one can never enter into discourse ; and with too much, one can never get out again.

* The Rule is never to pass the third Reply.

Who takes every acquaintance for a Friend, is like him who takes every Pebble Stone for a Diamond.

A

A Friend is a Cabinet-piece, to be sought all the World over, whilst we find acquaintances in every street.

The greatest Wisdom, is to know how much Thought we are to give to every thing, and to act accordingly.

Who cheaply sells anothers Fame, makes but the Market to buy his own.

Noble Women are like Sacred Relicks :

Beheld with reverence, but let Men come To touch them once, their reverence is gone.

Men were never more easily Cannonised then now ; When he may be counted a Saint, who is not altogether a sinner.

Who thinks to help the truth with a lie, is like him who helping his Master on Horsback, threw him quite over on the other side.

Innocence were an excellent Jewel, if it were not so easily counterfeited, and so hard to know the true from the false.

Every one flatters Fortunate Princes, but only hope flatters the Unfortunate.

The faults of Princes, are like sore eyes, made worse with handling.

Of all Devils, bleß us from those who play the Devil for Gods sake.

God help you is only an alms for those that sneeze.

To inspire one, and then ask him pardon, is a Bastonado with a Courtesie.

Many cry, A merry life, and a short ; who, if they knew how short it were, would not be so merry as they are.

It

It is a good World for the Devil, when every one speaks ill of one another, and no body speaks ill of him.

Your Conscience-mongers have a dangerous trade of it, who go so far to keep others from falling into Hell, as they often fall into't themselves.

A generous Nature more esteems an ounce of Honor, then a pound of Profit.

Fair looks often deceive us; as Brass guilt; looks fairer then Gold it self.

He who cut off all who were too long for his Iron Bed, and rackt out all who were too short, was a less Tyrant then they who would force every one to their opinions.

Love without Fear is childish, and Fear without Love is slavish; both together make the best composition.

Whilst sickness is but a dying life, or living death; none truly live, but those who are in health.

Men may force our actions, and ~~are~~ our words; but none can force, or ~~are~~ our thoughts.

A Complementer, or, as the French say, An accompli menteur, is the Rack of conversation, that sets every ones Joynts a stretching where he comes.

Truth goes the nighest way, whilst falshood goes always the furthest way about.

The vulgar are Judges without judgment, and Authors without authority.

In Women the first thoughts are the best, but in Men the second.

Youth

** accomplished Liar*

Youth invents better, but Age perfects the Invention.

Wit is ripe, when grown to Wisdom, and Wisdom rotten, when grown to Craft.

The Dignity of Obedience is lost, when we dispute what is commanded.

Every one is artificer of their own Fortune, but Fortune like Mercury is not made of every Wood.

The Wise spare their words, the witty spends them; but the Fool casts them away.

Who wears French Cloaths, without French behavior, look just like Dogs in Doublets.

Jealous States hold one another like Wolves by the Ears, and only fear keeps them from hostility.

Who foolishly imitates, is like that Ass; who cutting off his Ears, to become more like a Horse; became neither good Horse, nor Ass neither.

Honesty has almost lost its English signification, and signifies, as with the French, only Courtly behavior.

The more Danger, the more Honor; but the less Danger, the more Prudence.

Who the Wise wonder at nothing, the Fool at every thing.

Who counts the World an Inn, and not their Home, make no great difficulty of leaving it.

Better Religion in the lump, then Wyer drawn, as it is, and in the whole piece, then minced into so many Sects.

The manner of giving more then the gift endears the

the benefit; and some oblige more in denying, then others do in granting.

We are all but sucking Children of this World, and have need of Wormwood, ~~to~~ wean us from it.

As North and South, which differ only by an Individual Line, may be made the whole Heavens distant, by going to the extremity of either Pole; so Modern Controvertists, &c.

Who believe well, and live ill, or live well, and believe ill, are culpable alike.

Pleasure is as it is fancied; and a Beggar takes as much in scratching, as greatest Princes in what they fancy most.

Education is double refined Nature, and the Soul of the Soul, as the other is but the Soul of the Body.

Spiritual and Corporal Physitians, make their Medicaments too bitter, if they would sweeten them a little, they would have far more Patients and Proselytes.

There is as small choice in ——— as in rotten Apples; none better then the other, and you know not which is the worst.

Pleasure in Excess, is like a Boor when they are drilling him: A question, whether the pleasure or pain be more.

Who have deceived you, bid them good morrow, and good d'en; but for the rest of the day have no more to do with them.

The way of doing things now is, first, I'll warrant
you,

you, and then who would have thought it, Repents when it is too late.

Promises without Performance, give the lie unto themselves.

A little Pride well becomes great Ladies, and begets Reverence, but too much is only for petty Persons, and makes them but less esteemed.

Though the World be foul and dirty, yet they may walk clean enough, who but carefully pick out their way; but who run madly, dash, dash, seem neither to care how they bespatter others, and defile themselves.

It is easie to throw ones self into a Precipice, but not easie to get out again.

Our Bodies being but the Chariot of our Souls, wherein we run the race of this mortal life; serves but for little when the race is run, and we arrived to immortality, but only as a Trophy of our Victory.

Wit without Discretion to manage it, is but a wild unruly Colt, that instead of carrying us a gentle pace, oft runs away, and breaks the Riders Neck.

Who never consider the end for which they were created, live not the lives of Rational Creatures; but rather of Sensual Animals, who only eat and drink, and sleep.

We being to go to the other World, when we have passed through this, How can we hope to find the way thither, and to be welcome when we come; when we never inquire after it, nor after those who are there?

It

It is a happy misfortune to be driven by storm the sooner to their Port.

Sensual persons are as unfit to judge of Spiritual things, as the Blind of colours, or the Deaf of sounds.

Pleasures are like poysonous Baits which catch Fish sooner; but render them nothing worth when they are caught.

It is to hedge in the Cuckow, to seek to make a Maid honest against her will.

An indiscreet person gets more enemies by telling truth, then others do by lying.

Under Officers care for no body in Court, and out of Court, no Body cares for them.

Who knows what it is to marry, would be as long in chusing a ——— as Scogan was a Tree to be hang-ed on.

Who seeks to be more feared then loved, shall find themselves more hated, then feared at last.

Who seeks his own interest, and nothing else, is no more a part of the Universe, then a loose Stone in the Wall, a part of the House or Building.

Detraçtors and Calumniators, as Clippers and False Coyners, are punishable alike.

To honor any Man for riches only, is to worship the Golden Calf.

Money is like muck, which spread abroad, doth good; but hoarded and heaped up, is like a stinking Dung-hill.

While every one wants something, he is happy that can live on little, because he can never want much.

Ever

Every one hath somewhat of a Fool, and he is wisest who has least.

The Itch of Lascivious Love, being the Scab of Poetry; he is the best Poet, who scratches it the least.

These, and many more, they had, as far from Vulgar Spirited, as were those who invented, and those who acted them; nor was it fit, persons, of their condition, should go to the frippery for *old Proverbs*, when they might have new whenever they pleased.

The E P I T A P H
OF
Beatrice, Dutches of Lorrain,
who died, *An. 1662.*

SHe who alive, all *Vertue* and *Beauty* was,
Th'one in Her *Breast*, and th'other in Her *Face*.
Now that She's dead, just reason w'have to fear,
All *Vertue* and *Beauty* too, are dead with Her.

F I N I S.

ADDITIONAL
EPIGRAMS
 of the Year 1674.

*Of our English Gallants lives, or the French
 disease.*

Wonder! our Gallants ne'er consider how
 They wast their lives, with living as they
 While just like Tapers, they at both ends light, (do,
 'Twixt Wine & Women they're consumed quite.
 Amongst the rest the *French disease* is that
 Which most consumes their Persons and Estate.
 From which there's scarcely any one that's free,
 Who but pretends to modern gallantry.
 Nor may we wonder 'tis so easily gotten,
 When almost all their Wenches now are rotten.
 By whatsoever Name or Title known, (none.
 From those wear *Vizard-Masks*, to those wear
 Meantime I can't but pitty their condition,
 Who stand in need of Surgeon or Physitian.
 Who with their *Galen* and *Hippocrates*
 But make the Cure as bad as the disease.
 And this is that (thanks to their Wenches for't)
 Our Gallants call a merry life and short.
 While they're not only infected with the *Fashions*,
 But the diseases too of other Nations.

To a Lady who was offended with him for
praising *Visdamera*.

I See you envy *Visdamera's* praise,
For excellent parts and qualities she has.
Whil'st other parts and qualities y'have none,
But bare and simple honesty alone.
That's but a Cipher, Nothing, less ye add
Some Vertue to't, by which 'tis Somewhat made.
Or like a single Unite at the best,
That but foundation is of all the rest.
Mean time I can't, but wonder how it came
To Honors title, and to Vertues name.
When *Honor* and *Vertue* in it, there is none
But only in Imagination.
Cease then in vain, your Honesty to boast,
That's but a Negative Vertue at the most.
And like the *Quakers Spirit* seen by none,
But we must take your word for it alone.
And know, if't make you proud, 'tis better be
The *Publican*, than the proud *Pharisee*; (denn
Who whilst they think th'ave priviledge to con-
And judge all others who're not like to them:
Like such as you, in fine, do nothing else
(Whilst they judge others) but condemn them-
(selves.

Good

EPIGRAMS.

Good wishes to a new married Pair.

IF joy does from *enjoying* take it's name,
 And *happineſſ* be ſaid to be the ſame ;
 How *happy* are this newly married *Pair*,
 Who now arriv'd unto *enjoyment* are ?
 To whom whiſt every friend ſome preſent brings,
Good wiſhes only are my *offerings*.
 Which though they ſeem but *offerings* of the poor,
Angels from Heaven do often bring no more.
 May he and ſhe live long and happy then
 Envy of Women *ſhe*, and *he* of Men.
 The pattern of all happy Huſbands *he*,
 And of all happy Wives, the mirror *ſhe*.
 Enjoying all the Bleſſings whiſt they live,
 That *Fortune* and *Felicity* can give ;
 And like *Elias* when they die, ſo bleſt,
 To be tranſlated only unto reſt.

This and all other happineſſs beſide,
 I wiſh the Noble Bridegroom, and the Bride,

EPIGRAMS.

To the Countess of Shrewsbury, a pious reflection
on Gods goodness.

HOW good is God! whose love of us transcends
All that of *Parents*, or of dearest *Friends* ;
Nor that of *Spouse* to *Spouse* could ere express
So great a love, so dear a tenderness.
He knows our weakness and infirmities,
And when we fall, helps us again to rise.
And when h'as lost us, seeks us all about ;
Nor ever rests until he finds us out.
When he's so far from chiding us, he's more
Indulgent to us, than he was before :
So as without presumption we may boast,
We had been lost, unless we had been lost.
And all this Madam, y'are experienc'd now,
In Gods dear love, and tender care of you.
Who'd then be so ungrateful to offend,
So dear a *Spouse*, a *Parent*, and a *Friend* ?
Rather who'd not endeavor all they cou'd
To please so great a *Lord*, so good a *God* ?

Woolseys

Woolsey's complaint Paraphrased.

BAnisht, and so well known, where ere he went,
 He scarce cou'd find a place for banishment !
 As on his way he sorrowfully past,
 Coming to *Leister* Abby at the last :
 Opprest with weight of grief, as well as years,
Woolsey to the Abbot said with many tears,
Behold, a poor old Man (Lord Abbot) I
Am hither come in Banishment to die.
 Who this may truly say, *That, had I been*
As careful to serve God, as serve my King.
 For all my care, and all my service past,
 I'd ne'er been thus rewarded at the last.
 Let all ambitious Men learn then by this,
 How to serve God, highest Ambition is.
 And none in serving Kings, comply so far,
 As to forget how they Gods servants are ;
 For Kings and Princes are above Men 'tis true,
 But God's above both Kings and Princes too.
 And who serve others, are but slavish things ;
 But 'tis to Reign, to serve the *King of Kings.*

EPIGRAMS.

*On the Death of an only Son, and his
Mothers grief.*

HEr only Son was dead, and such a Son,
As never yet was a more hopeful one.
When his sad Mother, (Mother now no more)
Did not, the common way his death deplore;
Nor wou'd the common way be comforted,
Of other Mothers when their Sons were dead;
But does so piously his loss deplore, (more:
She shows she lov'd him well, but loves Heaven
And, knowing 'twas the Will of Heaven, does bear
It so, she needs no other Comforter.
So th' Royal Prophet, when his Son was dead,
Like her ceas'd mourning, and was comforted.
And t'other in as great a loss could say, (away.
'Twas *Heaven* that gave, and *Heaven* that took
These of all *Fathers* may examples be,
But of all *pious Mothers*, only she.

The

The Adue.

(time
Nothing but Storms and Tempests? then 'tis
 To seek for shelter in some Forein Clime,
 Where I may hope to find the happiness,
 If not to live, at least to die in peace.
 What *Halcyon* on such Seas wou'd build its Nest,
 Where for continual storms it ne'er could rest?
 Or *Bird* wou'd chuse in such a Land to sing,
 Where it may ne'er enjoy a quiet Spring? (flee
 When *Winter* comes, y'have certain Birds which
 To Forein parts, one of those Birds am I.
 Who joy to sing in Sunshine, but give o'er
 When I like them can see the Sun no more.
 And banish'd as I am the light, o'th' Sun
 'Tis time to go, my singing days are done.
 Mean while before my life be wholly past
 And like the dying *Swan*, I've sung my last,
 Whilst others ask *His Majesty*, to give
 'Em means sufficient handsomely to live.
 All I desire is, that *His Majesty*
 Would give me means but handsomely to die.

R. F.

The Anagram.

{ WALLER }
 Anag.
 { LAUREL }

L *Laurel* and *Waller* so agree,
 And Individuals seem to be;
 As look but on the *Anagram*,
 You'll find it in his very name.

The end of this Quaternium.

(i)

ON

HIS MAJESTIES

Military Sports at *Windsor*.

AS artificial *Fireworks* and *Light*,
Are best beheld i'th' darkness of the *Night*.
The *Moon* was set, no *Stars* ith' Skies did shine,
But all was dark, as favoring their design.
When straight behold, in *Military* sport
How some assail, others defend the *Fort*.
Brave *York* & *Monmouth* lead their warlike Bands,
Whilst Royal *Charles* a glad Spectator stands,
To see'm shoot, and no Man harmed by't,
Nor any hurt or wounded in the Fight :
So, as if any, has the Charm, 'tis *He*
To render People *Shot* and *Weapon* free.
Who does not bless the while His happy Reign ?
Who does us in this *Peaceful State* maintain,
Whilst others *plunder'd*, *barras'd*, *ruin'd*, are
Expos'd to all calamities of War,
As we were heretofore ; and but for him
Shold be expos'd unto the like agen.
Happy, thrice happy in Him then, if we
But only our own happiness cou'd see.
Of all the *Kings* that are, or ever were,
A *Prince* the most benign and debonair.

**

Of

Of Reformation.

THis *Reformation* has a specious name,
 But yet the World will always be the same.
 And those who try, will see when all is done,
 'Tis easier finding faults then mending 'em.
 Mean time there's no Men, who are more unfit,
 Then th'people are, for the *Reforming* it;
 Whose tamp'ring with't, has always had this *curse*,
 Instead of mending things, to make them worse.
 They see perhaps somewhat might mended be,
 But hundred things they'd mar by't, do not see,
 Best way to mend 'em were, for every one
 To mend themselves, and let the rest alone.
 The World and Men are chiefly govern'd by,
 That *Golden Chain* depending from on high,
 Links Men to God, and Subjects unto *Kings*,
 With like dependance of all other things.
 And when their Subjects chance to break this
Kings are to look to make it whole again. (*chain*,
 Unto whose charge *Heaven* chiefly does commit,
 The Government of the World, and care of it.
 The World will ne'er be better at this fashion,
 When th'people undertake this *Reformation*.
 Who, as by clear experience we see,
 Are chiefly those who shou'd *reformed* be;
 And cry the Worlds not well; for nothing else,
 But only 'cause they are not well themselves.

Necessity

EPIGRAMS.

3

Necessity excused.

I Would not be so dull a thing as I
 Should be, if 't were not for *necessity*.
Mother of Arts, Invention and of Wit,
 Th're then injurious should speak ill of it.
 We often blame *necessity*, when we
 Are more in fault then is *necessity*.
 Which sometimes may perswade, but near inforces
 Any to take dishonorable courses,
 Against her will, a Woman may be poor,
 But none against her will, can be a *Whore*.
 Nor Man a *Knave*, whether he will or no;
 But 'tis his own dishonesty makes him so.
 Cease then to blame and lay the fault (in fine)
 Upon *Necessity*, which is chiefly thine.
 There's no *Necessity* to do that which we
 Sho'd never do for no *Necessity*.

* * 2

Of

Of Marriage and Mistresses.

THe *Marriage Knot* which use to bind so fast,
 Its *bonds* and *ties* as long as life did last,
 Is now become like *Juglers Knots*, none knows
 They re tied so slack, whether they're fast or loose.
 (What Man say they) who loves his *liberty*,
 To any Woman so much *slave* wou'd be :
 This to their *Wives*, but to their *Mistresses*,
 They care not how they loose their *Liberties*. (fast,
 To whom by th' *Scriveners* help they're bound so
 They're *Bonds* at least as long as life do last.
 And th' *Marriage Bonds* they break with ease, but
 Can't break the *Scriveners Bonds* so easily. (they
 So *Dalilah* held *Sampson* in her Bands,
 Until he fell into th' *Philistians* hands ;
 Where he in Prison all his life did lie :
 This is the end of such *Mens Liberty*.
 And they no better end deserve then this,
 Who leave their *Wives*, to follow *Mistresses*.

*A Riddling description of a Lady, who
shall be nameless.*

THis *Lady* has one of those *dull handsome faces*
Which never sacrific'd unto the *Graces*.
And *Person*, with as little *gracefulness*.
As has her *motley face*, if not with *less*.
A thing made up in *hast*, all in a *bundle*,
Just like a *Bowl* as round as she can *trundle*.
Her *Bum* the *byass*, whence you'll easily *guess*,
She's naturally inclin'd to *idleness*.
And her becoming'ft posture may be *sed*,
Or *riding* in a *Coach*, or *lying* a *Bed*.
As for her other parts, I'll say no more,
But only she's, nor *scould*, nor *slut*, nor *whore*.
And this in any *Woman* is enough
To make a *Wife*, though not a *Mistress* of.

Who this is now, for me shall ne'er be known,
Unless she name her self, for I name none.
And of this size so many *Ladies* be,
None can *unriddle*, or till which is she.

Love

*Love and Death's exchanging Darts,
or the Dying Lover.*

Love and Death o'th' way once meeting,
 Having past a friendly greeting.
 Sleep their weary *eye-lids* closing,
 Lay them down, themselves reposing.
 Love, whom divers *cares* molested,
 Could not sleep, but while *Death* rested.
 All in hast away he posts him,
 But his hast full dearly costs him.
 For it chanc't that going to sleeping,
 They had given their *Darts* in keeping
 Unto *Night*, who *Errors Mother*,
 Blindly knowing not one from t'other.
 Gave *Love Death's*, and ne'er perceived it,
 Whilst as blindly *Love* receiv'd it.
 Since which time their *Darts* confounding,
 Love now kills, instead of wounding.
 Death our hearts with sweetness filling,
 Gently *wounds* instead of *killing*.

To the Dutcheß of Portsmouth, on his Epigram
of the Angelical Beauty. (Pag.19.)

Madam,

YOU being all admirable as you are,
No wonder at first, I never cou'd declare,
But only in silence as admirers do,
The admiration which I had for you.
Until 'twixt *speech* and *silence* without name,
I writ at last that *tassid Epigrame*,
Of th' *Angelical Beauty*, meaning you,
Although I never nam'd you until now.
When unto all the World I here declare,
You only that *Angelical Beauty* are.
And now if any at this offended are,
To spight 'em more, I once again declare.
The *Angelical Beauty* is not only you,
But th' *Angelical Disposition* too.

The

The Remembrance or the Petition Renewed.

WHO in the late Dutcheſs of *Lorrains* days,
 To all their mirth, ſo instrumental was
His Maſteſty never danc'd, nor *Dutcheſſ*-ſung;
 But he with's *Lute* or *Viol* ſtill was one.
 Counting it higheſt honor cou'd befall
 To delight them, who're the delight of all.
 Now aged grown, does in ſome *hermitage*,
 Deſire to end the *remnant* of his age.
 And that *His Maſteſty* for *Viaticum*,
 Wou'd favor his *retreat* with ſome ſmall *Sum*:
 Who never ask'd him any thing before,
 Nor after this ſhall never ask him more.
 But be *His Beadſman* all the reſt of's days,
 Who then *His Poet* and *Muſician* was.

The Dilemma.

IF what I write does pleaſe, I hope (in ſhort)
His Maſteſty will give me ſomewhat for't.
 If not, I hope, (as *Cæſar* did before)
 He'll give me ſomewhat for to write no more.

The end of this *Quaternium*.

To LILY on his excellent Painting.

How I admire thee *Lily*, and thy Art,
 That to dead Figures doth such *life* impart?
Nature and thee do seem^a at gentle strife,
 Whose *Figures* shou'd be most unto the *Life*;
 Only as in some other *World* they were,
 They do not live such lives as we do here:
 But rather such as deathless *shadows* do
 I'th' blest *Elyzium fields* and *shades* below.
 So like to ours, as it may well be sed,
 The *dead* are *living*, and the *living dead*.
 As out of *Chaos*, all the *World* was made,
 When first it neither *Form* nor *Figure* had:
 So out of *Chaos*, of thy *Colours* thou
 Do'st make whole *Worlds* of *beauteous figures* now.
 To see and to admire the work th'ast done,
 Whilst all the *World* unto thy house do'st come.
 Who wou'd not think thee by so great resort,
 The *King of Painters*, and thy House the Court.

On

On Peoples Talk.

A Dialogue betwixt Vizdamira, and the Author.

1. **T**Hat I defend you where soe'er I come,
From ev'ry *slandrous* and *malicious tongue*,
Is but an *Act of Justice* which I ow
Unto the *Truth*, as well as unto you.
What shou'd I do?

V. Why do like me, contemn
Their base *malicious talk* and pittie them,
Who only bark like *Dogs of Villages*. (peace.
And when they are contemn'd will hold their

A. Ah never! such as they will ne'er give ore,
But more they are contemn'd, do bark the more.

V. Then let 'em vent their *malice* as they do.
It does not trouble me, why shou'd it you.

A. Pardon me, when I hear 'em speaking ill
Of those, I love, I must defend 'em still.

V. I thank your love, but yet my cheif *defence*,
'Gainst *slandrous tongues*, must be my *innocence*.
To live well, is in *power* of every one,
But *hinder* peoples talk in *power* of none.

Against

Against Idleness.

*To the Lady Kilmurry, sitting at work with
other Ladies.*

Blest be the *hands*, and blest be *they* who taught
This *work* at first, which now these *hands* have
So *Rainbow* colour'd, as *Thomantias* Bow (wrought
Cou'd never more *Celestial* colour show.
Work is the *Life*, and *Idleness* the *Death*,
Of every one who lives by *vital breath*.
Live *Ladies* then, and by your *work* declare,
You only, of all others, living are :
Whilst others can no testimony give,
More then the *dead*, that ever they did *live*.
And *live* till for the work on *Earth* y'have done,
You be rewarded when to *Heaven* you come,
With *Crowns* of *Glory*, and for *robes* may wear,
As *glorious ones* of your own working here.
Happy, the whilst, who *live* and *work* like you,
Both in this *World*, and in the other too.

To the Lady Elizabeth Gage.

Madam,

I Will not say y'are so *surpassing fair*,
 As none with you for *beauty* may compare.
 Nor that all others, for pure *flesh* and *blood*,
 Compar'd to you, seem only *Painted Mud*.
 For this of every *Lady* may be sed,
 Whose *Beauty's* but a little *white* and *red*.
 Although of none more truly then of you,
 Whose colours are no *Painted ones*, but true;
 But I will praise you in a higher kind,
 For *vertue*, and for *beauty* of your mind.
 And say, the *outside* and the *inside* too,
 Never agreed in any, more then you.
 Continue *Madam* then, but as you are,
 As *excellently good*, as you are *fair*.
 We well may say, your *beauty* and *vertue's* such,
 As none can *praise*, none can *admire* too much.
 And this, when others *beauty's* *fade* and *die*,
 Is that shall *live* and *last eternally*.

Prologue

Prologue for most of our Modern Plays.

(you

You'd have new *Plays*, and when you have 'em
Do by 'em as *Children* by their *Puppets* do.
Tear 'em and mangle 'em strait, then cry for more,
And use 'em just as you did those before.
And, reason of this is now, if *truth* were known,
You are not *curious*, but *fastidious* grown:
Nor is it *judgment* in you, but disease,
That no new *Plays*, though ne'er so good, can
And this is all, *thanks* and *reward* he has, (please.
Gives *Children Puppets*, and who gives you *Plays*.
And now they serve you in your kind you see,
For most o'th' *Plays* are only *Puppetry*.
And you as unto *Puppet-Plays* do go,
Not for to hear the *wit*, but see the *show*:
The curious *Painted Scenes*, which *Wit* you call
With *Cheapside-Pageantry*, and that is all.

On

On the Lady R^s, Nursing her own Children.

HOW like to *Charity*, this *Lady* stands?
 With one *child* sucking, t'other in her hands.
 Whilst *Bounteous Nature*, Mother of us all,
 Of her fair *Breasts*, is not more liberal.
 Those *Ladies*, but *Half-mothers*, are at best,
 Who while they give their *Wombs*, deny their *Breast*.
 And none but such *true Mothers* we may call,
 Who give, like you, their *Wombs* and *Breasts*, and all.
Mirror of Mothers? in whom all may see,
 By what you are, what others ought to be,
 Ready like *Pelicans* for Childrens good,
 To give their very lives, and vital blood:
 For so do you, if Milk be Blood (though white)
 Who shew your self great *Straffords* Daughter
 Both alike ready for the *publick good*, (right;
 You for to give your *Milk*, and he his *Blood*.

What must the Children be the while, that come
 From such a *Pious Breast*, and *Noble Womb*.

To the Dutchesſ of Monmouth.

With his Play of the Noble, Fair, and Vertuous
EMILIA.

Madam,

WHEN Poets wou'd a *Heroïna* make,
Does all perfections of her Sex pertake,
They make her Noble, Fair, and Vertuous too:
All which perfections Madam are in you.

Emilia then is but a feigned name,
And you are only really the ſame;
Or if their's any difference, this is all,
She's but the *Copy*, you th' *Original*.

To whom then ſhould I dedicate my *Play*,
O'th' Noble, Vertuous, Fair *Emilia*.
But to your *Grace*, who is without compare,
More Noble yet, more Vertuous and Fair.

Why

Why I Write.

(praise,
WHilst some do write for profit, some for
 And every one some end in writing has :
 I only write to please my *noble Friends*,
 And when I've done but that, I have my ends.
 For th'vulgar I so much their praises slight,
 I wou'd not have their favor, though I might ;
 Because, I know, none ever had it yet,
 But only such who viciously have writ.
 And now if any think this *cowardize*,
 To flie their *praises*, as I do their *vice*.
 I must confess, he's valianter then I,
 Who dares be damn'd for writing viciously.

He's vicious enough, does evil do ;
 But double vicious, does and writes it too.

The end of the Quaternium.

